

it's fun to be a fungi

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by [lightning_anon](#)

Summary

Fundy's always been a talkative, loud, self-assured child. But many of these traits get squashed over the years by an ableist world that does not want to celebrate Fundy for the way he is. It's hard trying to be yourself but also find your place.

Fundy says fuck that bullshit, and that he'll be himself anyways, thank you very much.

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Fundy's encompass installment: a story of being yourself and finding your voice.

strong and opinionated

Chapter Summary

Fundy's just a fun little guy. And then he grows up.

Chapter Notes

finally encompass time

CW: ableism, transphobia, misgendering, intense frustration

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fundy doesn't like a lot of things. He's always been picky that way.

Fundy's selective and he fixates on things and needs things done in a certain way with a certain pattern. He's bad with change and he adapts slowly. He's finicky like that, and he refuses to let people tell him that's a bad thing.

Fundy needs things done a certain way. It's not an egotistical thing or a spoiled brat thing- merely his own form of brain sequencing demanding pattern and familiarity. Unfortunately, quite a few things don't meet his needs for being done in a specific way.

Most things actually fail to meet his needs.

Thus, he's not a fan of most things.

But the one thing Fundy has consistently been a fan of is his family, no matter how much they shift and change.

And what a weird family he has. None of them aren't related- with the exception of him to his father- and not all of them are legally attached. (In the case of Fundy's Auncle Ranboo). They're a mismatch hodge podge group of fuck ups and that works for them.

It doesn't work for a lot of people.

It's always on Mother's Day he gets into the majority of these fights.

Like most things, Fundy doesn't like Mother's Day.

"I don't have a mom," he patiently explains to his teacher, like he does for each one every year.

Her smile drops for just a moment, before she palasters a new one on. It looks like plastic, fake and fabricated. It looks like when Fundy's told to smile in photos.

"That's okay!" she insists, "like I said, the Mother's Day brunch is for moms and other wonderful girls in your life to participate in."

Fundy did notice that. He's started to notice that his school is doing better at making sure Mother's Day is inclusive to all those with women in their lives, whether they be moms or not.

"But I don't have any girls in my life," Fundy complains, "not any important ones."

"None?" She presses, so Fundy reflects. He already had reflected before even approaching his teacher, but he does so again.

"I mean there's my Ancle's sister and my Uncle's old therapist- those are different people- they're both women."

He would like for there to be more women in his life because it's probably not a good idea to only be around men, that's a whole half of the population missing!

But then again, Fundy is around women, just none of them are his relatives, and there's not much he can really do about that. It's not like it's his fault his mom decided she wasn't ready for a kid.

His teacher blinks at him.

"Don't you- you said your uncle's sister? Wouldn't that be your aunt?"

"I said my ancle, not my uncle's," Fundy corrects, "Ancle Ranboo is nonbinary, so he isn't a girl. And anyways, Niki isn't my aunt. My Ancle Ranboo was fostered by my grandfather for a little bit until his sister could get kinship over him. So she's cool and all and I like her, but she's not my auntie, y'know?"

His teacher apparently does not know if how she tilts her head and blinks at him is anything to go by.

"Well," she says, "you don't have to bring Niki, but if your Ancle's a girl, you can bring her."

"No," Fundy says, "Ancle Ranboo isn't a girl either. Like I said, they're nonbinary."

"Oh," his teacher chuckles. Fundy frowns, because it isn't funny! There isn't anything funny about misgendering.

But also Fundy's not sure that's even what his teacher's laughing at. She seems to be laughing as more of a filler than at anything but Fundy doesn't know why she would do that

Neurotypical people are weird. Why don't they just behave in ways that make sense?

And people say neurodivergent ones are the ones with poor social skills, even though his teacher is laughing at misgendering. Okay then.

"Oh, well I think that's okay sh- h- they can still come."

Fundy frowns once again because now this has become even more confusing! If they were allowing people who weren't girls, why hadn't she just said so?

"Well if Ranboo can come then can't my dad come?"

"Well," she hedges, "it's supposed to be for girls."

"But Ranboo's not a girl."

Really, how does she not get that?

"Right," she says, "but he's not a boy either, so that's okay."

At least she seems to be getting the nonbinary thing.

"But my dad isn't a boy either- at least not completely," Fundy says, "if Ranboo can come because he's nonbinary- and therefore not a boy, then shouldn't my dad be able to come because he's not like a cis, binary, boy? And I think I'd rather have my dad than my Ancle. Ranboo's really cool and stuff but it makes more sense for my dad to come. Plus he likes pancakes and it's a pancake lunch. Ancle Ranboo doesn't like the texture of syrup so it works better if my dad comes anyways."

"Not- not a cis, binary, boy?"

"Mhmm," Fundy said, "cause he's intersex and transmasculine."

"What was that honey?"

Fundy hums, unimpressed.

"That means his sex isn't male or female and his gender isn't either, but he leans towards more masculine identities even though he was raised female by societal standards and stuff."

"Oh," she says, "your dad is a trans man?"

"Kinda," Fundy says, "like I'm trans and my dad's trans but we're different trans cause I'm a binary boy and he doesn't completely identify as a boy and he's intersex."

His teacher blinks more.

And really why is Fundy teaching her all of this, shouldn't she know this? She's supposed to be the teacher after all!

"My dad's got a uterus which I came out of but he's also got a penis and weird hormone levels and other medical stuff," Fundy explains, "now can he come to the Mother's Day brunch or not?"

His teacher ends up saying yes, but she comments that Fundy could have just asked if his dad could come instead of searching for a loophole.

Out of the entire conversation, those are the words that make Fundy the most frustrated and want to cry.

But he refuses to give his teacher the satisfaction of his tears, instead taking a deep breath and trying to regulate the shaking of his chest and the sharpness behind his eyes.

He knows why he's upset.

He's upset because she's assuming Fundy's being defiant, pushing boundaries when really all Fundy was trying to do was get genuine clarification.

He wasn't looking for a loophole! He was doing his best to understand her weird rules and conform within them and that they didn't make sense to him but he was trying for her because she made the rule and he wanted to be respectful.

He wants to tell her that, to defend himself. Because his dad and his family have taught him that he's allowed to stand up for himself, that he's allowed to expect professionals to treat him with respect and kindness.

Fundy knows what he would say. He'd explain to her his own thought process and then explain why what she had said made him upset and then ask if they can come up with a solution together.

Fundy would propose that his teacher not make assumptions about him and instead just ask him outright because Fundy is bad at subtext.

Fundy knows what he wants to say.

The problem is that he can't.

He physically can't. His mouth goes dry and numb and he opens his mouth but doesn't have the energy to form the words and-

And Fundy has gone nonverbal.

When his dad picks him up that day, he's still completely silent.

It happens sometimes, when he goes nonverbal like this, and it's been happening more and more the longer he's been at school.

School takes so much of his energy, so many spoons, so much strength that Fundy doesn't have any space leftover for words.

The worst part- the worst part is that he wants to talk and he has no way of doing that.

So he lets out a soft whine and hits the side of his door.

His dad looks over, raises an eyebrow.

"What's up?" He asks.

Fundy grimes and wacks the door again. He's not doing it too hard and he's being careful with the car, so his dad lets him instead of redirecting the stim.

"Nonverbal again?" Wilbur guesses.

Fundy nods miserably.

Wilbur sighs.

"Okay kiddo."

Fundy looks down at the words, feeling bad. He- he would talk if he could! He just can't. He doesn't want his dad to be upset with him over this.

"Oh hey, no, Fundy, sorry that came out wrong," his dad promises, "I'm not upset with you."

Fundy picks his head up and focuses on his father. He doesn't meet his gaze, instead looking forward, but he tilts his head and waits for his father's words.

"I am upset," Wilbur admits, "but not with you. I'm upset because you're frustrated and obviously want to communicate but can't. And that frustrates me. It frustrates me that you're frustrated, and it frustrates me that I don't know how to help you. It all just kind of sucks- yeah?"

Fundy blinks, and nods. It makes him frustrated too.

But it's too hard to try and express that when he's nonverbal like this so he sucks it up and stares off into space.

When he finally feels like he can talk again, he searches for his dad.

He finds him in the living room, curled up on the couch, phone in hand.

"Whatcha doing?" he asks, springing forward onto the back of the couch.

Wilbur jumps, almost dropping his phone.

"Be careful," Wilbur chides, "and please don't climb on the couch. You could break it. Go climb a tree or something if you need to burn off some energy."

"Sorry," Fundy says, dropping from the couch. His fox ears almost fall off and he quickly readjusts them on his head. "Whatcha doing?"

"Texting your Uncle Techno."

Fundy perks you significantly and makes grabby hands for the phone.

His dad raises an eyebrow at him, but passes it over anyway.

Fundy takes it in his own hands and goes to Techno's contact, pressing the phone symbol that comes with it.

He pulls it back to observe the screen and watches how it begins to ring. Fundy presses the button for the speaker and holds out the phone.

His dad just watches him from the side.

"Wil?" Techno says from the other end.

"Yup, mmmm, my name's Wil," Fundy says, "very adult person right here."

Techno chuckles.

"Hi, Fundy, how are you kid? Does your dad know you have his phone?"

"I'm okay. School was weird," Fundy says at the same time his dad comments, "Teah Tech, I'm here too."

"How was school weird?" Techno asks.

"Oh my," Fundy says, "Uncle Tech- allistic people are so strange. I don't get them at all."

Techno snorts from the other side of the phone and his dad shoots Fundy an odd glance.

"Fundy, did something happen at school? Besides going nonverbal?" Wilbur asks.

Fundy blinks and then looks at his phone.

He loves his dad, he does, but his dad doesn't get everything. This is an Uncle Techno conversation.

"Is- is it okay if Uncle Techno and me talk?" Fundy asks, "just us?"

Wilbur's face softens. Fundy recognizes the look, it's the same one his face has right after he's tucked Fundy in for the night.

"Course bud," Wilbur agrees, "Do you want to stay here in the living room, or would you like to go to your room, or maybe somewhere else."

Fundy considers his options.

"Imma take Uncle Techno to my room," he announces, and then marches out of the room and to his own.

When he's made his way back to his room, he shuts his door softly, and turns his attention back to the phone.

"Uncle Techno, why do allistic people make rules that were supposed to break?"

Techno hums. Fundy likes the sound of it, and repeats it back.

"What do you mean?" he asks, "Can you tell me a bit about what happened?"

Fundy sighs, and nods even though his uncle can't see him.

"Yeah," he says, "it's- it's about Mother's Day. It's the same thing every year, y'know? My teacher said moms or other 'important girls' could come, so I told her I didn't know who I should bring. We talked about it and she said anyone who wasn't a boy was okay and I said that dad could come cause he isn't completely a boy and my teacher was a bit upset but she said yeah and so I was still following the rules, yeah?"

"I see," Techno says, "I'm following."

Fundy nods at the confirmation.

"Okay. Cool. But then later when talking to her she said I could have just asked if my dad could come and I didn't have to keep pushing the rules. And that doesn't make sense to me because I didn't know my dad could come, because she said it was only girls. And Dad isn't a girl either.

"But she didn't even seem to care about that! She didn't seem to care about her own rules! Instead she said it wasn't a big deal anyway. And I- I don't get that. Because it's a rule but it's one that it's okay to break and she'd rather just have me break it then ask for clarification on the rules and I- I don't get it all."

He's still really confused by it all. Why would she make a rule if she wasn't willing to clarify it. Why should make a rule if she was willing to bend it? And why was Fundy getting in trouble for following the rule she had laid out?

Techno's quiet on the other side of the line.

"Uncle Tech?" Fundy asks when the silence stretches.

"Yeah, I'm still here," he says, "I'm just thinking about how to explain. And if I understand."

"Oh okay," Fundy says, and he waits.

"I think," Techno said eventually, "I think your teacher thinks your dad is a guy, and he fits her definition of 100% man. And I- I think she thought that you were trying to find an excuse for your dad to come instead of just asking for him to come. And she felt that you were disrespectful because you were trying to find a loophole when you could have just politely asked for your dad to come."

Fundy blinks, and he relaxes and he tries to make sense of what his Uncle says, he does, but so much of it just doesn't make sense.

He wasn't trying to be disrespectful! He was just trying to get clarification on the rules!

The clarifications his teacher gave him made him realize his dad was allowed to come which is why he asked. Fundy was just trying to follow the rules because that's what allistic people always seemed to like.

Fundy always got in trouble if he broke the rules so he tried to follow them but then he was seen as rude and he doesn't get it and-

And talking is getting a lot harder. His mouth is getting dry even though it's not really dry and it feels like a cave except Fundy's never really been in any caves before.

"I don't think I like talking," Fundy admits.

"What do you mean?"

"Talking's dumb!" Fundy insists, "people never seem to get me and it's really hard and I'm so sick of trying and nobody listening and I don't want to talk anymore!"

Techno hums, long and firm, and Fundy finds himself mimicking it.

"Do you mean you don't like verbally speaking, or you don't like communicating at all?"

Fundy considers it.

"Speaking," he decides, "people never get what I mean and I don't get what others mean and a lot of the times it's just so hard and I- I wanted to explain to the teacher what I just explained to you but she said her things and that made me lose my spoken words and then I couldn't say anything else. And then I went nonverbal again and I hate when that happens because I have all these words in me but I can't tell them to anyone and it just keeps happening."

"If you had another way to communicate in that moment, do you think you would have liked that? Would that be something that helped?" Techno asks.

Fundy frowns.

"Like what?" he asks.

"Well," Techno says, "this is actually what your dad and I were talking about earlier. Did you know that I barely talked as a kid at all? A lot of days I didn't say anything at all."

Fundy blinks.

"Dad's mentioned it," he admits, "he said it was mostly before he lived with you though. And that he was looking into ways a bit like that for me maybe."

"I used a tablet," Techno explains, "and some sign language, and various sounds and noises. It's called AAC. Augmentative and alternative communication. And it lets you talk without speaking."

Something in Fundy clicks.

"And you- you think I could do that?"

"Absolutely," Techno confirms, "yes, yes you can. Anyone can, that's the idea, it's adapted to the user. It helps a lot of people that can't communicate through spoken language."

"But I can," Fundy argues, "I can talk."

"I know you can," Techno says, "and it's your choice. But AAC devices can help people who can speak too. Just because you can speak doesn't mean it's easier or it's better. If you think it would help you explain things better or that you would be more comfortable talking that way, then maybe it's something that could help. If AAC could make it easier, make communication more smooth for you, then it does its job."

Oh.

That sounds- that sounds really nice.

Because Fundy can talk and sometimes he really likes it.

Or- or he thinks he does but now that he thinks about it it's communicating and being listened to that he looks, not necessarily speaking.

Because speaking is hard and feels odd in his mouth and grates on his tongue and his mouth is moist and slaps together and Fundy hates the sound of his own voice in his skull and-

And Uncle Techo is telling him there's a way for Fundy to get all the positives of speaking without any of the negatives.

"Um," he says, "Uncle Tech, how do I get an AAC?"

Fundy's first tablet is a sleek black and has five different AAC apps trials.

One is an instant no due to the font. Fundy has enough time reading as is, and the app just makes it harder. He completely skims and misses words and it's useless.

The second and third are alright but their customization is limited and he doesn't like how the categories sort. They predict his languages which has some pros, but then it messes up the categories he's carefully selected and he doesn't know where to find anything.

The fourth and fifth are great. They're easy to customize and have the best categories. The fourth is his favorite- it's very adjustable and the pictures aren't babyish- because hey, he's a whole nine years old now! He isn't a baby! Plus, if he prefers he can even replace the graphics with photos. And there's so many options to add words, so Fundy can add all of his fox facts.

It's the fourth he ends up sticking with long-term, because its dual function between preset buttons and manual typing is the smoothest. It also has better voice options and customizations.

Through his tablet, Fundy finds his voice.

He finds a voice he never realized he had, a voice he never realized he possessed.

He spoke fine as a little kid but growing up he began to lose his spoken voice more and more and- and sometimes he still talks like a little kid because that's all he could verbally say.

Now at nine years old, he often feels like he has less words than when he was three.

Even though he had all this other vocabulary in his head, he could never use it, because talking just took too much effort.

but with his tablet he speaks better, he speaks like himself

He doesn't use it always, doesn't always need it, but as he grows and gets used to it, he uses it more and more, interchangeably for what works for him best.

Sometimes, Fundy even begins to think that he shouldn't be using it because he can talk out loud, he can. But talking with his tablet is so much easier and the world comes much more smoothly and it's a better form of expression than he's ever had before.

So the part of Fundy that expects himself to talk is beaten by the part of Fundy who refuses to let his own internalized ableism win.

Slowly, everyone gets used to it, and Fundy finds himself the happiest he's been in a while.

Unfortunately, not everyone shares that sentiment, and when he gets picked up from school one day three years into his AAC, his papa is with his dad in the car.

"Hey Fundy," his dad says, "I have to talk to your teacher. Papa can take you home first and come back later for me, or you two can wait for me. Okay?"

Fundy frowns and forms his next sentence on his tablet.

"Why do you have to talk to my teacher?"

Wilbur gives a weak smile.

"I don't know all the details," he admits, "but she said she needs to talk about things with me. Hopefully it won't be too long. If it's going to take a while, I'll text Papa, okay?"

Fundy nods and tries to hide the fear that pulls the corner of his mouth down into a frown. One of his hands reach up, and he pets the soft fur of the fox ears that are on his head, the comforting felt familiar and grounding.

His dad gives him a firm nod, and a smile, before turning back to his papa.

"You got him Dad?" Wilbur confirms.

"All good," Phil promises.

Wilbur nods once more, as pulls away from the car, fighting the dwindling crowd to get back into the school Fundy had just exited.

Fundy frowns more.

Papa catches sight of it in the rearview mirror.

"Hey Fundy," Papa says, "you doing alright?"

Fundy shrugs and bounces his feet, not sure why he's suddenly feeling so overwhelmed.

His papa waits patiently, turning back to his own thing, keeping a careful eye on didn't in the parked car.

"Dad said we could stay, right?"

"Yeah," Phil says, "if that's what you want to do."

"Yes," Fundy presses. "Yes," he says again.

Phil smiles and nods.

Fundy's so glad to have his tablet in that moment, because he definitely couldn't talk at all right now. But with his tablet he can explain his thoughts and feelings, express concepts and ideas and communicate his needs.

He pulls the device close to his chest, and the combined pressure of the tablet as well as the comfort of the object had him relaxing a little bit.

Fundy waits for his dad.

He waits longer than he thought they would, but Fundy thinks it's definitely worth staying.

Especially because when his dad gets back, Fundy gets the full reaction.

He gets to watch how his dad exits the office with harsh steps and fists that are tight and taught. He gets to see how his dad gets outside, sees the car, and takes a deep breath, doing his best to relax. Fundy sees how he straightens up, and bags under his eyes seem to magically appear.

His dad makes the rest of the way to the car, and slides in.

"What happened?" Fundy asks instantly. He had the question prepared already, ready to go the minute his dad could hear.

Wilbur turns around to look at Fundy.

He studies Fundy for a moment, giving a slight nod.

"Your teachers called me in to talk about you. They said they were worried about you and your learning," Wilbur explains, "but their worries weren't actual worries, just ableist mindsets, so we're going to ignore what they said."

"What did they say?" Fundy asks in return.

Wilbur looks at him for a bit longer.

"Is it okay if we have this conversation at home?" he asks, "I want to be honest with you, but the entire situation is a little emotional and again- focuses on ableism. I'd rather have that talk with you at home instead of a car."

Fundy nods, because that's a fair point.

That doesn't mean he likes it.

But Wilbur is true to his word and when they get home, they sit together in the living room for the talk.

Fundy grabs his fox and holds it close to his body in comfort. His fox ears are already on his head and they add another layer of protection.

"Your teachers are worried about your tablet usage," Wilbur admits, "they see you using your tablet as a regression of your verbal abilities and think that it's detrimental for your development long term. They said it was okay for a bit, but now that it's been three years, they want to push you to begin speaking verbally over using your tablet."

Fundy frowns. Fingers flying, he formulates his response.

"But," he argues, "I'm more well spoken with my tablet. I'm able to construct more sentences and speak my mind. My tablet gives me back my voice. It does not take away my voice. Spoken words are not better for me. They are harder and my tablet gives me freedom."

"I know," Wilbur soothes, "I know and I'm so glad you have found your voice this way. Your teachers are wrong. But that's what they believe, and I doubt I can change their mind."

Fundy frowns, because that's not ideal.

His father sighs.

"Fundy," he continues, "the decision is yours, of course, but do you have any interest in maybe looking for a school that can better meet your needs and accommodate you, instead of expecting you to conform to ableist standards?"

Fundy's immediate thought is no, because going to a different school means changing schools and changing schools means change and Fundy does not like change.

There's a lot of things Fundy doesn't like, but change has to be top of the list.

He freezes, eyes widening at even the idea of changing something that's so integral to his routine.

His immediate response is no.

But in his moments of being frozen, he has time to reflect and realizes that every other part of him is screaming yes, screaming for him to get his needs met, to not have to fight for the right to exist as he is at school.

Carefully, he selects a word on his tablet, trying to stop his fingers from shaking. "Yes," he decides firmly, "Yes I would like that."

Fundy voices his opinion and his father listens.

Fundy ends up switching schools and the one he settles on isn't perfect, but it's so much better and he finally can be fully mainstreamed but still receive adequate support.

He makes friends with the other autistic kids but also makes friends with some of his neurotypical peers and starts to find his place.

It isn't perfect but it's better and it's an experience Fundy can tailor to himself, and he's always thrived when he has control.

Fundy doesn't like a lot of things, but he thinks he can handle liking this.

Chapter End Notes

And here we go with Fundy's part. Like Phil's it will have three chapters, and after this fic is up it'll be the encompass finale, and then this series will come to an end.

But the encompass world isn't finished! And I actually just posted the first work in encompass: the extras that you should check out! It's case overviews for the encompass characters.

Thanks for sticking with me, and I hope you have as much fun reading about Fundy as I had writing him.

~Cool Community Things to Check Out!~

[encompass: the sandbox](#): encompass: the sandbox is the official collection for the Encompass Sandbox Project- a project in which users are encouraged to take inspiration from the encompass series and create their own varying works of fiction from writing, to art, and so much more.

encompass: behind the scenes: an insider look at everything that goes on in the encompass series. This series will feature Q&A, projects, plans, and other behind the scenes content.

encompass: the extras: a plethora of other oneshots, outtakes, and aus that fit within the encompass universe.

burrow down

Chapter Summary

Fundy's teenage years are a struggle. He thinks that's pretty stupid considering highschool supposed to be the 'best years of his life' or some shit.

Chapter Notes

CW: intense anxiety, autistic meltdown, autistic shutdown, dysphoria, perfectionist tendencies, denial, feelings of shame/failure, tics

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As he grows, Fundy continues to use his tablet, his AAC, his voice. And the longer he grows, the more interested he becomes in the technology behind it.

His AAC is great and the app he uses is the best he's found. But there's improvements that can be made, vocabulary that can be expanded and so Fundy sets to work.

He has always dreamed of having an AAC where you could change the font easily. If he could change it to Comic Sans, Dyslexie, or make up the font- it would make it so much easier for him, so much more accessible.

By the time he's twelve Fundy has created his own custom AAC app. It's not very good, and is way worse than the current tech he uses to speak, but it's a start. From there, he keeps on going.

A special interest in foxes quickly shifts to a special interest in technology and computer programming. He begins learning a new language, much more happy to learn computer code than participate in Spanish class.

At fourteen, he's made his second independent AAC, with all the customization he could hope for.

It still has rough edges and it's incredibly individualized to him specifically, but he's growing and it's something he can use.

He happily presents his work to his family, and they're all blown away.

His Uncle Tommy's reaction is the best.

"You made this," he marvels, looking over the buttons and organizational systems Fundy has put together.

"Yeah," he speaks verbally, because he'd rather speak than take his tablet back. He wants to show Tommy all of his work.

"This is incredible," Tommy marvels, "wow. I can't believe you- well I can believe I, you're a literal fu- can I swear around you? Yeah you're fourtneee that's fine- fucking genius, but just wow."

Fundy beckons for his tablet back and Tommy slides it over.

"Hate to break it to you uncle Tommy," Fundy snarks, "but you've been ticcing swears around me since I was born."

Tommy laughs.

"Intention," he insists. And then, "y'know Tubbo loves this sort of shit- or like I think he does. He's the- he's a quirked up white boy- he's the computer guy. You got stuck with an art family unfortunately, so I don't really understand anything that he does, just that he's good at it," Tommy explains, "And Ranboo took an AAC course in uni? Have you thought about like- going further with this, providing it for others? Ranboo might have some, like I dunno, contacts or settings. Jeez that- THAT'S POGGERS- makes them sound like a Mob boss. But if you want- I'm sure they'd love to talk to you about it when they're not regressed."

Fundy spares a look at his untie, who had been playing on the floor with Allium, blissfully unaware of the conversation above him- but having heard his name, turns to demand attention.

"Fundy talk to me?" they ask.

"Yeah, c'mon over here bud," Tommy encourages, "Fundy's got- bitches- got a new voice."

Ranboo's eyes widen, and he hops to his feet to join them.

Fundy can tell by how his eyes lighten and how confident he is on his feet that he's gotten a bit older than the toddler age range he was in just a minute ago.

"You have a new voice?" Ranboo asks, peering across the table at the tablet.

"Yup, I made it myself."

"Woah!" Ranboo exclaims, hopping on his tiptoes, "that's so cool! Fundy you've got the best voice!"

Fundy smiles at the praise, rocking slightly in his seat as he knocks his wrists together, a pleasant hum sitting in his throat.

He's so excited to not only have found his voice, but to have made it himself.

Fundy does it all at fourteen years old. Fundy builds an entire AAC himself, one that functions smoothly and efficiently- at fourteen years old.

Looking back years later, he'll recognize how insane that is. For now, it's just another Tuesday- if at least a Tuesday that comes with much praise and encouragement from his family.

In addition to creating his own AAC at age fourteen, things around home also start changing. Namely- his dad starts fostering.

Fundy's known it's been coming for a while now and has taken all the steps alongside his father to prepare for this journey.

Wilbur and Fundy both have veto power over this, if one of them calls it off, they won't go through with it.

Fundy's a little scared. Or actually- a lot scared. Because this is a huge change to his routine, to his life. And these kids are all going through traumatic situations. Foster care, adoption, welfare, the system- that's all trauma. Fundy can't begin to imagine how hard it is. He's seen the effects on his entire family, he knows how the system breaks you. But he could never understand first hand.

And Fundy's non-speaking autistic and what if they don't want to communicate with him, what if they tease him or make fun of him or are just plain ableist shit heads and Fundy...

Fundy is terrified.

But the scariest thing- the scariest thing is-

"But Dad, what if they don't like me?" Fundy asks, eyes wide and toes wriggling with anxiety.

Wilbur raises his eyebrows at him.

"Bud, if that's gonna be a deal breaker, we should have said that we weren't equipped for this years ago."

Wilbur's words are gentle but firm, sympathetic to Fundy's plight but also knowing that his worries come from an unfounded source of anxiety that needs to be challenged.

Fundy grumbles, because his dad has a point. He doesn't need these people to like him, all he needs to do is the best he can to provide a safe spot in a land of chaos and trauma.

He'd still like it if they liked him though.

Soon enough, people begin to pass through their front door. Some are more memorable than others.

Punz is first, and true to Fundy's fears, they don't get along much. That isn't to say Punz hates Fundy, or that Fundy hates Punz, but they were never friends. Punz was too scared, upset, and

angry to make that possible.

That's okay, Fundy thinks, he'd be upset too if he was in a situation like Punz's. He doesn't take it personally.

Charlie was strange but fun to chat with and Aimsey was witty and a bit scary but in a good way. Tina was sweet with a sharp tongue but Hbomb was the one that became his best friend.

Hbomb lives with them for three months when Fundy is fifteen and he's the first person Fundy fell in love with.

Not like that! Not in the weird romance sense Fundy doesn't do stuff like that.

"What do you mean, you don't 'do stuff like that?'" Hbomb asks with a laugh, lying on Fundy's bed and staring up at the ceiling as Fundy flushes and continues to slowly spin in the desk chair he's claimed.

He stops spinning for just a moment so his vision stops blurring and he can actually focus on his tablet to select his words. Words that he's made himself. His newest AAC is the best he's made yet and he actually prefers it over any other AAC he's found so far. And trust him- he's looked at a lot.

It's also bullshit that the technology for words is so expensive. Fundy's determined to change that.

"Finally," Hbomb says as Fundy slows, "I was waiting to see how long it would take you to get sick."

Fundy promptly flips him off.

"I don't know," Fundy clarifies, "I have just never felt-" Fundy frowns, looking through the pages and pages of words he has acquired and when none of them fit, he struggles to think of something he can type.

But still nothing comes to mind. He doesn't know how to describe this feeling.

He doesn't know how he feels, or the lack of what he feels.

"I have never had a crush," Fundy settles on, "and I don't think I would ever want a crush."

"Oh so like, you're aro?"

Fundy blinks.

Because he knows what aromantic is. He's a trans teen with a transmasculine intersex father and an enby untie and he's helped house numerous queer teens. He knows what aro is, he just never thought about applying it to himself.

"Yeah," Fundy muses, "I guess."

H laughs, and Fundy goes back to spinning.

In the following month, Hbomb's aunt and uncle gain custody and he returns home. He's still close by, and Fundy's grateful for that. He wouldn't want to lose his best friend.

Unfortunately, H will be switching schools but he's close enough that Fundy can still take the bus to his house and hang out. Fundy's happy for him, happy that he could go back to his family that really does love and care for him.

He wishes Hbomb was closer, but he'd much rather Hbomb be happy and be with his family then be struggling in the shit show that is foster care.

It's not the same- but his Papa relates.

Phil talks to him about how hard it was to let go, to let Techno travel all the way across the country for school but how it was best for everyone. Phil reminds Fundy that it's okay to hurt, and that wanting Hbomb to stay close isn't a bad thing.

Fundy sits with his Papa and thinks about how lucky he is to have this family.

Because this family isn't perfect, and Fundy is all too aware of that.

Maybe they don't yell and they don't hit and all of those things are good- families shouldn't do that- but Fundy's family isn't perfect. They make mistakes.

Papa Phil will hold his hurt within, unwilling to burden the family with it.

Uncle Techno struggles to balance distance and closeness and isn't always good at communicating with everyone else.

Uncle Tommy makes mistakes and when he does, he covers it up with more mistakes.

Untie Ranboo would rather disappear than confront issues or accept that there is a problem.

Tubbo- whose practically family- follows after Phil and gets angry instead of talking.

His dad isn't perfect either.

His dad's anxiety can smother everyone else and he runs away from things instead of facing them head on and he has trouble letting Fundy go.

His dad isn't perfect, but he's also kind and he listens to Fundy and respects him and always does his best. He supports Fundy whole-heartedly from being non-speaking to letting Fundy lead his IEP to his passion in computers to his special interest in foxes.

His dad may not be perfect and he will never be.

Fundy's family isn't perfect and they have their issues but all of them are trying.

All of them are working on it, and none of it ever comes out around Fundy. In fact, when he reflects on his family's imperfectness it almost seems too harsh. It makes them sound like they struggle more than they do.

It's not often that their family rubs up against each other in the wrong places, but they always work through it. And they always protect Fundy.

Sometimes that upsets him, upsets him that they keep him from these things, but a part of him understands.

Fundy's entire family had to grow up too fast, and he understands that they want to protect him from the trauma of that experience.

But Fundy still grows, and his teen years are hard.

Being disabled is hard. Being trans is hard.

Fundy's never really struggled with anxiety but suddenly his sophomore year of high school it hits him.

His freshman year he had Hbomb and really, no one likes freshman anyways, so it wasn't as bad.

But sophomore year hits Fundy like a bag of bricks.

They stop fostering for a while after Fundy has his first anxiety attack.

"What happened?" his father asks and it's not judgmental but concerned.

"I don't know," Fundy answers, and his father frowns, but offers him a hug.

Fundy's almost as tall as his dad now, but he still fits under his chin if he slouches just a bit. Wilbur holds him close, and strokes his back and suddenly Fundy is clutching his father's shirt close as a terrible ripple of pain flows through him.

It's not pain in the way that physical pain is, but it still aches and grips him and leaves Fundy feeling like he's ran a marathon. He squeezes his father tight and there's this tightness barrling inside him and he gasps for a breath, a hoarse scream leaving his mouth.

Oh, Fundy realizes numbly, he's having a meltdown.

Except he's never had a meltdown like this before.

So he clutches his dad and bites down on his lip because he really doesn't want to scream right into his dad's ear and he grabs his father with all his might because he's drowning and doesn't know which way is up.

His father leads them to the couch and Fundy stumbles with him. They sit, and they lay, and Fundy eventually burrows beneath him because the lights are so loud and so bright.

Foxes usually first make their den from other smaller animals leaving old ones behind- rabbits, birds, sometimes even a badger. They usually have two or more entrances- the main entrance and as many emergency exits as needed. Most foxes don't sleep in their dens, they're primarily for raising young and occasionally food storage.

Fundy burrows deeper.

Fundy knows he's not the first to fall to pieces in his father's arms, his uncles and auntie have all been there before him. Wilbur holds him tightly, providing all the right pressure but Fundy knows that if he indicated that he wanted to be released in any way, his father would let him go immediately. Fundy can't stay in his father's arm for forever, but for now his father holds him, has him, and Fundy relies on him fully.

Eventually, his brain starts to get a bit clearer, less like something is squeezing it from the inside.

He loosens his own grip around his father, and Wilbur loosens his just a little as well. Fundy wiggles, testing out his motion and how he feels and his father loosens more, but still doesn't quite let go. Fundy hums in satisfaction, and takes his head out from under his father, letting one of his eyes peer out into the room.

"Hi," his father whispers, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Fundy blinks and nuzzles him with the side of his face.

His dad chuckles, holds him close, and doesn't let go.

After the meltdown is over, a talk is to be had. Fundy talks transparently with his father, explaining how lately everything had seen too much, had been overwhelming in the worst way possible and that everything felt like too much- too overwhelming.

A lot of the feelings Fundy hadn't even realized he was having, didn't even realize he was experiencing. He's dealt with anxiety all his life, but never like this before. His anxiety had always been a symptom of his comorbid autism-adhd-dyslexia and a byproduct of being trans. Breaking his routine and social situations would make him anxious. He'd get anxious about being judged for being neurodivergent, or for being trans, but this anxiety is on an entirely different playing field.

Suddenly, in a way he never was before, Fundy's anxious about everything.

He realizes that his legs have been bouncing for weeks and most of it hasn't been in a stim like it usually is, but in a stim to self-soothe anxiety.

All of a sudden, Fundy realizes he's drowning and he never even noticed when he got into the water.

Part of him is frustrated with himself, because how could he have not known?

It's always Uncle Techno he goes to when he's feeling these sorts of ways.

“I think it makes sense,” Techno says.

Fundy huffs, and types out his response.

“Yeah, okay,” he scoffs.

“I’m serious,” Techno says.

“Uncle Tech, I’m pretty sure I should have been aware of my own anxiety- it’s so stupid that I hadn’t even noticed it was getting this bad. For all this family talk about communication I kind of did a shit job at it.”

“Hey,” Techno says firmly, “Don’t talk about my nephew that way.”

Fundy rolls his eyes, and his uncle moves, getting up from somewhere and moving to another section of his apartment.

“It really does make sense to me,” Techno says, “I mean- issues with interoception.”

Fundy admits he has a point. Fundy always has had shit interoception which is a fairly common autistic and sometimes adhd trait. The problem is that his Uncle’s point isn’t completely founded.

He formulates his next words, and as he manually spells interception he makes a note to add it in as an actual word. It only takes a few seconds to up to a minute to do, but Fundy wants to finish his sentence first.

“Doesn’t interoception have to do with body stuff, not brain stuff? For example, traditionally, not noticing hunger as a body need and sensation. Anxiety is a brain issue.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Techno says, “but anxiety also has a ton of physical symptoms, and hunger has to do with the brain too, on some level, right? I dunno, I’m not a brain expert. It’s just- I know I’m not good at that stuff, even when I try. Other people’s feelings and emotions are hard and stuff, and understanding my own is hard too. I wouldn’t- I dunno I wouldn’t beat on yourself for not realizing your anxiety was getting that bad. I’d just go from here, deal with what you know now, y’know?”

Well... Fundy has to admit that a lot of that does make sense. Because he really hadn’t noticed, hadn’t known.

It wasn’t like he was ignoring his emotions or pushing them to the side. He doesn’t- as a kid his father would ask him what he was feeling and Fundy got really good understanding his own emotions. He knows that something a lot of people struggle with, something a lot of autistic people struggle with as well, but it had never been a challenge for Fundy.

Maybe it was an early start, maybe it was hyperempathy, maybe a byproduct of identities that always made him the odd one out. Maybe that’s just how Fundy always has been and it has nothing to do with his diagnoses.

But he's always been in tune with his emotions and takes time to relect of them, acknowledge what he's feeling each day.

He doesn't usually miss this sort of thing.

Maybe Uncle Techno is correct and it had nothing to do with his own skill around his emotions and everything to do with the fact that sometimes being autistic makes it hard to connect to his body and everything it does- including feel anxious

"Oh," Fundy realizes, "yeah."

He already sees a psychiatrist for his ADHD meds and testosterone, but his dad helps him move up his appointment and he also tries therapy a bit.

He's never really liked therapy it because a lot of therapists want to focus on him being trans and being autistic and yes, yes Fundy will admit some of his anxiety has to do with those things but- but his anxiety isn't around being trans or autistic, it's about how people treat him for those traits.

Fundy doesn't want to work with his therapist on gender or disability stuff, he wants to work with a therapist on feeling more comfortable after making a social blunder, or about how to deal with casual misgendering.

Fundy's never been so glad to have had the opportunity to go on hormone blockers and take it so early in his life. He's had the fortune of passing regularly and looking masculine.

It's a blessing, because Fundy wants to look masculine and there's always the sheer relief of being correctly identified.

If Fundy had presented more feminine, had wanted to be more feminine it probably would have been harder, because then he would have to balance gender expression and passing, but thankfully his gender expression allows him to pass.

Passing's a really fucked up concept to be honest, when he reflects on it. It's stupid that you have to look enough like a gender and shit.

At the same time, passing is so incredibly validating. Gender euphoria at its finest.

And because his father always supported his journey with transitioning, he's been lucky to have always passed.

He's not stealth at school because he doesn't want to be, but at least he passes.

He doesn't get misgendered often, and it always happens when he isn't binding. And he can't bond all the time. And when he can't bind he feels dysphoric and then he gets misgendered which makes him more dysphoric and then-

Well yeah, some of his anxiety had to do with his gender identity. But it's not being trans that makes him anxious, it's existing as a trans person that makes him anxious.

So when his therapist wants him to do things like self validation exercises, he gets it. He sees the merit. Self validation is good.

But it won't solve this problem.

Because Fundy knows that as long as there's cisheteronormativity in their culture, then Fundy will be anxious about his gender identity. That's not an anxiety that can be helped by a therapist.

He doesn't really get much out of therapy, unfortunately.

It's pretty fucking annoying all things considered. He likes his psychiatrist though, so that's good. She's always been good with discussing ADHD meds and anxiety meds and she's been a great support through his journey transitioning. Fundy had heard horror stories about trying to get hormones but he never had those issues with his psychiatrist.

And yes that may be because his dad scouted out so many fucking psychiatrists before even planning intake appointments, but Fundy doesn't mind when his dad does shit like that because healthcare is a complete mess to navigate and his dad always makes sure it's okay with him first.

Plus, Fundy had been like ten back then.

In result of his anxiety and all the shit of being a teenager, Fundy doesn't do very well his sophomore year of high school, but he thinks that's okay if it means he's taking a step back and focusing on his mental health.

There's still part of him that feels like a failure.

"Dude, that's because you're a perfectionist," H claims with a laugh.

"Am not," Fundy pouts.

H laughs, and pushes past Fundy to open the door to his room. It makes Fundy happy to see Hbomb so comfortable at home now that he's reunited with his aunt and uncle. It also makes him a little jealous.

Because yeah, okay Fundy's home life is pretty great. It's just- when H and him talk and call and hang out, Hbomb's sophomore year seems to be going so well, so smoothly and Fundy's... Fundy's did not. At all.

He got through it and he's managing his anxiety better but he still has no friends and feels alone and sometimes his skin feels so tight around him that he can't breathe.

"You are definitely a perfectionist," Hbomb insists, "Bro you're like the definition of gifted kid burnout except the teacher's baby you too much for you to be seen as the gifted kid even though you're smart as fuck. You literally made your own AAC."

Fundy rolls his eyes, because yeah okay that observation is pretty damn true.

“They think I can’t understand them because I can’t talk verbally,” Fundy explains.

“Yeah, I know. Like seriously, how do they get their degrees? And like- how the fuck do SPED teachers go through all those years of schooling and stuff only for them to not understand disabilities at all?”

Fuck man, Fundy’s been asking that same question for years.

“But anyways,” Hbomb focuses back- and Fundy’s a bit grateful for the call back to the main point of conversation, because if not Fundy would still be going down rabbit holes- “You’re a perfectionist.”

This is still something Fundy disagrees with.

“I want things done a certain way,” Fundy argues, “That doesn’t make me a perfectionist. It just makes me autistic as fuck.”

H snorts, and shifts from where he was sitting on his bed to laying on his stomach with his arms propping his head up. He looks like a kid at their first sleepover and Fundy’s snickering for half a second before feelings of shame slam him from his own first sleepover.

God he’s never gonna forget that, is he?

He pushes the memories away, because he doesn’t need to deal with those small pieces of trauma right now.

“No, having patterns and right ways of doing things is different than perfectionism,” Hbomb insists, “‘cause if it doesn’t go how you need it to go you get upset because of change in expectations and stuff. But your perfectionism is more like... disappointing yourself even when you have unreasonable standards. There’s a difference.”

“Name one time I was a perfectionist.”

Each time he says it, Fundy has to type out the word. He never knew he would need to add ‘perfectionist’ to his vocabulary, but apparently so.

“Uh, learning five coding languages at once and then getting upset when you weren’t perfectly good at every one of them, getting upset because you burned french toast exactly one time. You literally screeched when you couldn’t fold the stupid origami bird I was trying to teach you how to make right.”

Fundy tries to come up with ways to argue but can’t.

“And those are all surface level,” H says, “That’s not even getting into your crushing internalized ableism that you have to be the perfect autistic person and represent yourself as a non-speaking autistic person as eloquently and professionally as possible without ever getting mad at anyone, ever. Or the fact that you feel the need to be the best friend possible and then start to push your own feelings aside like how you’ve been doing for the last few months and constantly asking how I’m doing but shutting me down when I ask how you’re doing even though you are obviously struggling.”

Fundy doesn't like this anymore.

He- at first it was teasing, lighthearted and Fundy was having an okay time if a bit irritated by Hbomb's continuous insistence that he was a perfectionist.

But now Fundy just feels gross and- and like he's failed. Like he didn't do a good enough job, like he's letting Hbomb down, like he needs to do better.

Fuck maybe he is a perfectionist.

"Fundy?" H asks after a moment of Fundy being silent.

"Mmpft," Fundy vocalizes.

"Hey," Hbomb says, much softer than he ever is, "Uh- sorry I didn't mean to like- sorry."

And it's stupid because Hbomb didn't do anything, he just told the truth but it's all suddenly too much for Fundy and he can't- he can't do shit. He can breathe, and he can blink and he can look but he can't- he can't do anything.

Fuck.

Fundy pulls his knees up to his chest and holds them tight, his tablet squished between his thighs and stomach. He stares ahead and drifts.

"You wanna hug?" Hbomb asks, "I can squeeze you tight how you like."

Fundy nods. And before Hbomb can ask he shakily sets down his tablet and gets to his feet, shuffling over to Hbomb's bed and into his side. Hbomb instantly wraps his arms around Fundy, pulling him close and squeezing hard.

Fundy really likes the feeling of deep pressure hugs. He hums and the sound vibrates and reverberates through both of their chests, harmonizing their bodies.

Fundy's never been very good at making friends, but at least he has H.

"Nnmm," Fundy eventually says, and H loosens his hold slightly.

"Want me to let go?" he asks.

"Mmm," Fundy agrees, and Hbomb lets go, scooting back just a bit on his bed to give Fundy space. Fundy just lays there, on his side, looking at Hbomb's wall.

"Aso, this is probably shit timing, but how long have you been wearing your binder?"

Fundy flips him the middle finger, making sure to raise his hand high enough that H can see it from behind him. He has a point though, Fundy's definitely pushing it.

"C'mon," H encourages, "Take your binder off, we can watch a movie."

“Nuh,” Fundy complains, even as Hbomb gets up from behind him. Fundy groans in annoyance as his friend makes his way over to his closet, grabbing Fundy a hoodie and then swinging by his desk for Fundy’s tablet. He leaves both at his side.

Fundy takes the tablet first.

“Or,” Fundy proposes, “I don’t take my binder off and continue having an existential crisis over being a perfectionist.”

And really that’s bullshit, Fundy has the words ‘existential crisis’ added, but not perfectionist. He’s apparently a pretty piss poor perfectionist.

“We can watch ‘A Wild Fox Life,’” H suggests and okay, that’s just- that’s not fair. Hbomb knows he can’t say no to that.

“Fuck you,” Fundy says, “Fuck you fuck you fuck you.”

Then, because he can’t help himself, he goes to his fox facts category.

“Both parents help raise red fox cubs. Red fox litters can be anywhere from 1-12 kits. Baby foxes have a variety of names and are called pups, kits, and cubs. All of these are correct. The fox from fox in the hound named ‘Todd’ is a play on the fact that male foxes are called ‘tods.’ It’s the equivalent of naming a human boy ‘Guy.’”

He only chooses three because H has heard all of these before.

“Is that a yes?” Hbomb asks.

Fundy grumbles once more, but takes the hoodie.

Sophomore year of high school is a wash. Fundy’s dealing with higher anxiety rates and perfectionist qualities and he still can’t make friends. His teachers don’t understand him and they treat him like a baby and more often than not he feels like no one understands him.

Being a teenager sucks.

But he has Hbomb, and he has his dad, and his uncles and untie, and his papa.

He has himself, and his voice, and the knowledge that he is a remarkable human being no matter what his brain tells him. Fundy’s just a guy, doing his thing, and he refuses to let the world take that from him.

He’ll get through this, and he’ll do it standing tall, one way or another.

Part of me hates this chapter because it's all over the place and part of me loves this chapter because it's all of the place. I considered scrapping almost the entire chapter because I thought it threw the reader around too much, but then I realized that's kinda exactly what it should do, because that's what Fundy's going through.

So if it's hard to follow and you think you might not completely understand, that's okay. It's that way intentionally.

ENCOMPASS FINALE ANNOUNCEMENT

The next encompass work will be the finale of the main series. Everything else about it will be announced with the final chapter of this work. But I will let you know, it's not what people are expecting and I genuinely feel that it's the perfect send off for this series.

~Cool Community Things to Check Out!~

[encompass: the sandbox](#): encompass: the sandbox is the official collection for the Encompass Sandbox Project- a project in which users are encouraged to take inspiration from the encompass series and create their own varying works of fiction from writing, to art, and so much more.

[encompass: behind the scenes](#): an insider look at everything that goes on in the encompass series. This series will feature Q&A, projects, plans, and other behind the scenes content.

[encompass: the extras](#): a plethora of other oneshots, outtakes, and a/s that fit within the encompass universe.

also chronic illness has been kicking my ass the past few days so i won't be caught up on comments for a bit

my little fun guy

Chapter Summary

Fundy stumbles into adulthood just as he did as a kid- a little, fun guy determined to make a place for himself.

Chapter Notes

CW: ableism, capitalism, commodification of accessibility needs, surgery, minor surgery complications, physical pain, sensory sensitivities

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Fundy is seventeen, he gets top surgery.

Which is really a simplified way of saying his father and him have been fighting for his rights in the medical industry for years and Fundy has gone through examinations and trials and psychiatric appointments to verify that yes he is trans, and that this will have a positive affect on his life.

He went through hormone blockers, then starting T, and now finally, finally top surgery.

Bottom surgery still scares him a little if he's being completely honest because a dick sort of sounds like a sensory nightmare. He's tried packers and never liked the weight and feel and he knows a penis will be different but it's not something he's ready to try out, and may never be comfortable with.

Which is fine. Surgery isn't required to be a valid trans person. Dysphoria isn't required to be a valid trans person. All that's required to be a valid trans person is to be trans. And only the individual who is trans can decide to identify that way.

That said, he's excited to get his tits removed.

It's his papa he wakes up to, and with a drowsiness in his entire body, he reaches for his tablet.

Immediately he winces and wow okay pain meds are not doing their job apparently.

His papa looks up, and breaks out in a wide grin.

"Hi," he says.

Fundy manages a grunt, and glances to his tablet.

"Do you want your tablet?" his papa guesses, and Fundy nods.

His papa grabs it, settling it in front of him, and reminds him he can't lift his arms up very high.

Fundy nods and says a hello.

"Hi," Phil says again, "you're much more coherent this time."

"This time?"

Phil laughs and nods.

"Last time we bonded over being aromantic," Phil says, "you were quite excited, but also drooling. Drugs knocked you out way more than most people. They were actually pretty concerned about it- you scared the shit out of your dad. Apparently you're part of a very small percentage of people to have a reaction like that."

Fundy doesn't remember that. But it doesn't surprise him. Of course he's excited that- wait

"You're aromantic?"

Phil laughs again.

"Yup, guess the excitement hasn't faded."

It definitely has not faded, and Fundy has so many questions because how could his papa never have told him?

But questions can wait because first he has to flap to get all the good feelings out.

And that immediately falls through as a sharp pain aches through his side.

"Fundy," Phil redirects, "maybe a different way of stimming? You just had surgery."

Surgery.

Right, surgery

Oh holy shit!

Fundy looks down, seeing his not so flat chest and smiles.

Because it is flat, he knows it is, the bump this time is from bandages and drains and not from titties. How exciting.

His body feels much more like his own.

Fundy is not ashamed to say he almost cries

(He doesn't cry, because he stopped crying when he started T and he doesn't think that's necessarily a good thing).

He whines and chuffs and makes all the fox chirps he knows instead. it's not the same as flapping- which is what he wants to do- but it gets the thrumming need of stimming out of him. He adds in some toe wiggles to help.

It's then his father enters the room.

"Fundy, my baby boy," he cheers when he notices that Fundy is awake, and Fundy rolls his eyes, but lets his father infantilize him just this once.

(Nevermind the fact that the childish names his father gives him always make him feel warm and at home. Safe, with no risk of harm).

Wilbur infantilizes him just enough- just enough where he gets a chance to be someone's kid, but not enough that his adulthood and autonomy isn't respected.

His dad then turns to his papa.

"Dad, did you make my son cry," Wilbur demands.

Phil holds up his hands in surrender.

"I didn't do anything," he promises.

"Don't worry dad," Fundy says, "it wasn't papa that made me cry, it was the lack of tits."

"Hopefully good tears," Wilbur notes, "otherwise you just went through surgery and wasted money on a lengthy recovery process and a so-called 'cosmetic' change."

He didn't really 'waste' money- most was covered by insurance anyways. It also certainly wasn't a cosmetic change.

Plus surgery that would improve his lifelong happiness, content, and confidence could never be a 'waste.'

"No," Fundy says, "bad tears actually. Decided I'm not trans. I want a refund."

His dad laughs with him and Fundy feels himself glow. He looks down at his sore chest and feels free.

He leans his head back, ecstatic grin on his head and is content with everything in his life that led to this moment.

He only looks back down to select his words.

"Thank you," he says.

His dad and his papa both sit at his bedside and give him equally ecstatic grins. Wilbur offers his hand, and Fundy leans into it.

He rubs his face in his dad's hand and thinks of how foxes mark their territory and loved ones with their scent.

“Thank you,” he repeats, and he hopes they know that it isn't just a ‘thank you’ for top surgery, but a thank you for being there for him every step of the way, for letting him identify as male at such a young age and go by Fundy and then accept his autism, his adhd, his dyslexia and the emotional turmoil that came with that. He thanks them for supporting his passions and letting him speak the way that works best for him.

Fundy thanks Wilbur for being his Dad and Phil for being his Papa. He thanks them for doing their best, for always being there for him.

“Of course,” his father promises, brushing his auburn hair out his eyes, “Anything for my fun little guy.”

Fundy grins, and wonders how he got so lucky.

"Even if you did scare the shit out of us with how much the drugs fucked you up. Future notice- we gotta be careful putting you under kid. You reacted super strongly," his dad continues.

Fundy's never been a master of facial expression- and honestly he has no clue if his fathers facial expressions now are saying that he's scared, but Fundy's going to go ahead and assume he's scared and worried anyways.

He may not be able to tell it on his father's face, but Fundy's familiar enough with his dad's thinking patterns to make an educated guess

"Papa said," Fundy acknowledges. It also makes him a little uncomfortable. Sure there was the part where he had a weird body reaction, but truthfully the more upsetting part is that Fundy has been through the process in his head a billion times and he hadn't been expecting to wake up twice.

It's the little things that fuck up his routine.

But he just got his tits removed and he's with his favorite people in the world, so he's okay. He'll manage.

Who cares if he woke up twice and broke his routine a little if it means having no tits.

(Fundy cares but he refuses to let autism brain take this win away from him).

He heals up nicely and yeah the drains are sensory hell while he has them but then he finally gets to see his chest fully flat without bandages or tubes and swelling and-

Fundy's face crumples, and he falls to the floor.

He's beautiful.

He's beautiful and he never even knew it.

He calls Hbomb because H is his best friend.

And he can't get his tablet because all he can do is clutch the phone he's calling Hbomb on as he crumples into a ball on the bathroom floor and whines.

"Woah- Fundy, you good man? I cannot tell if those are good noises or bad noises."

Fundy's not really sure himself if he's being honest.

Fundy whines more- and oh, it's good it's so, so good because he's beautiful and he loves his body and it's perfect and it's finally him.

But he can't say anything.

Fundy has never been so lost for words since before his tablet.

"Ggg-" he manages with a nod, and then fumbles with the phone he's still crushing to text H.

Fundy: saw my chest

Fundy: veru good

Fundy: come over?

"I'll be there in fifteen," Hbomb promises, "can you get to the door or is your dad home? Or do I need to go digging for the spare key that I have zero clue where I put it."

Fundy: I got it

"K, I'mma hang up. See you soon."

Fundy nods, and Hbomb ends the call.

Fundy clammors to his feet, bouncing on his toes and gazes at his chest again. It's flat and the scars aren't as prominent as he thought and every piece about it is beautiful and Fundy cannot wait to live with this body for the rest of his life.

Eventually, he tears his gaze away from the mirror and leaves the bathroom, heading downstairs to unlock the door for Hbomb.

H," he announced, with a pre-planned sentence on his tablet. "H, I don't have titties!"

"Yeah!" he cheers in equal excitement, "let's fucking go. Total gamer moment."

Fundy once again resists the urge to flap his hands because his chest already hurts like all hell and he's really trying to make that not worse.

He rocks on his heels as an alternative.

"So," Hbomb asks, "did you ask to keep them?"

"What?" Fundy says, "what do you mean?"

"Did you ask to keep your boobs?"

"What the fuck, no," Fundy insists.

That doesn't- that doesn't even make sense! It's mostly weird tissue and not exactly a solid chunk. That wouldn't- Fundy imagines it would be very hard to keep.

Plus would he keep what came out of the drains after as well? Because that shit was gross.

Hbomb shrugs, "your loss."

Hbomb is a confusing person. This isn't unusual to Fundy. Most people in his life are confusing, much of it coming from being an autistic person in a society that is based on neurotypical standards.

Fundy doesn't understand most people, and he gets confused a lot.

But Hbomb confuses him in a way most neurotypicals don't. Because when Fundy is confused by Hbomb it doesn't feel mean, or frustrating. Fundy doesn't feel left out or that he's not catching on, he just feels like Hbomb's friend.

This is one of those times.

Fundy has no idea what Hbomb's saying, though he's pretty sure it's Hbomb being weird or making a joke.

But honestly, he doesn't really care. Because it's Hbomb, and Hbomb makes him smile.

They head down to Fundy's room after a minute.

Usually, Fundy will take the swivel chair and Hbomb the bed. The same goes for when they're at Hbomb's house

Fundy is very attached to swivel chairs.

But honestly, he's exhausted. So he lays back down on his elevated pillows and Hbomb takes the chair.

The bandages rub uncomfortably and Fundy reminds himself that this will all be worth it.

He shifts, trying to get more comfortable.

"You good?" H asks.

"Yeah," Fundy replies.

As he finishes responding, there's a knock at his door.

"Hey kiddo, checking in," his dad's voice calls, "can I open the door?"

Fundy gives a nod to Hbomb, and Hbomb calls out to Wilbur, letting him know he can enter.

"Well hello H," Wilbur says, "I expected you soon enough, but didnt know there would be a smuggling operation to get you in here."

"He has a key," Fundy protests, "and he literally used the front door."

His dad smiles and Fundy rolls his eyes. His dad's so... not funny sometimes. It's irritating in a way that makes Fundy smile.

"Hug?" Wilbur offers to Hbomb.

H perks up and gives a small, still slightly shy nod.

Wilbur doesn't comment on it, but Fundy sure does.

"You have known him for years, you lived here for a few months, you're allowed to want a hug," Fundy adds.

"Fuck off," Hbomb mumbles as he hugs Fundy's dad.

They pull apart, and Wilbur turns to him.

"How are you doing?" He asks, "Need anything?"

"I'm good," Fundy promises, "pain but not awful."

"Okay," his dad nods, "staying hydrated?"

Fundy nods.

"You'll let me know if you need anything?"

Fundy gives another nod.

"Want me to leave you alone with H now?"

Fundy gives a small sheepish grin, and a final nod.

"Okay kiddo," Wilbur says, "love you." And then he's gone.

"Dude," Hbomb says, "like you should know this by now, but I love your dad so much."

"Yeah," Fundy agrees, "he's pretty cool. An absolute mess, but in the best way possible."

Hbomb and him spend the rest of the day mostly chilling. They talk about Fundy's surgery, about the pure joy that has come from it, but they also talk about school and activities and family outings and the works.

They get talking on their interests and Fundy takes the opportunity to infodump about foxes, computers, and disability culture

"I have a question," Hbomb eventually asks, "but I don't want to be like a dick about it."

Fundy raises his eyebrow, because it's not really like Hbomb to censor himself.

"Just go for it," Fundy insists.

Hbomb hums, studies for a moment and rocks side to side in the swivel chair at Fundy's desk. It's funny seeing him do that, because it's almost always Fundy rocking side to side in it, thinking about how to phrase something.

It's a pleasant reminder that neurotypical people do indeed stim as well.

"You made your own AAC," Hbomb eventually notes."

Yeah, Fundy thinks, but he doesn't press the button because he's almost certain Hbomb is going to say something else. Fundy may be shit at social cues, but he knows H's patterns and he had said that he had a question. No question has been asked yet.

"Have you-" H starts, before cutting himself off with a hum. "A lot of AAC devices that disabled people use- that a lot of autistic people use- I mean you've talked about the ableism in them sometimes. About not allowing swear words, or infantilizing words and photos, stuff like that."

Yeah, Fundy's following. He hated the first AACs he had tried out due to the fact the photos were meant for little kids and couldn't be changed. And then had been frustrated when he went to add words but words like 'bitch, cock, and fuck,' weren't accepted by the tablet because they were inappropriate.'

Like what the fuck, the point of AAC is to give access to Fundy. Taking away words isn't access.

And then he had people argue with him, saying he shouldn't be using those words anyways. But that wasn't the point! The point was Fundy should have equal access, and yes, that means equal access to getting in trouble for using words he isn't supposed to.

"I guess- like you made your own AAC. A lot of AAC are expensive or have limited customization. Insurance is a nightmare. Many AACs companies are ableist and or racist. You love programming and computers."

Hbomb pauses, and it gives Fundy time to come up with a snarky response.

"Wow, great job listing facts," Fundy teases.

Hbomb gives him the middle finger with a glare, but then immediately turns serious again.

"I- well I mean I was wondering- have you ever thought about making your AAC- or another AAC you build- public, for other disabled people to use?"

The question stuns Fundy, because yes he probably should have seen it coming, but he really didn't. He takes a moment to process it all, understand the question and the implications and what Hbomb's saying.

"No," Fundy admits, "I hadn't considered that before." Because he never has considered it.

Not once.

But boy is he considering it now.

And for some reason this consideration has him remembering a conversation he had with his Uncle Tommy way back when he had made his first custom AAC. Uncle Tommy had suggested he talk to his Untie Ranboo because Ranboo had taken an AAC course in university. Fundy didn't even know they had courses like that in university.

But the memory has stuck with him apparently so Fundy shoots him a text.

Ranboo's first response is, 'didn't u literally just have surgery' to which Fundy admits that, yes, yes he has. Ranboo says something about resting and taking it easy, but then follows it up with the course he took and the information Fundy wanted to know so really, Fundy gets what he wants in the end.

Plus, hey! He is resting! He's laying in bed and doing millions of google searches and coding projects while H sits by his bedside table and reminds him to stay hydrated.

At least staying in bed is something he's supposed to do! He could be swimming or reaching above his head and other shit he shouldn't be doing.

Sure, maybe he's hyperfixating more than a little bit which means he's probably not watching his health as much as he should be, but that's what H and his father are there for.

It's fine.

Fundy continues to do his research.

The research goes past his main recovery period, and suddenly Fundy is more mobile and still curious on how to go about this.

Eventually, he gets to the point where he's not sure how to continue. Because he's done research and he's learned different coding languages, and he's made his AAC, but he doesn't know how to take this further.

Fundy's never been a very social person- or at least he's never been confident with socializing.

He likes making friends and he likes talking to people and he'd consider himself an extrovert. But he's awful with social cues and consistently makes social blunders and he's nervous and anxious the majority of the time when he's out in public trying to talk to people- especially strangers.

The thing is- Fundy's done all he can. He isn't going to get further without help.

So, Fundy reaches out to the professor that had taught Ranboo's AAC course and Fundy's still only seventeen so he's a little worried she won't take him seriously but she seems genuinely interested in his work and...

And suddenly Fundy's put in contact with other people and has access to a wide range of mentors he could never imagine.

He begins to fall even more in love with computers.

He shows people his works, shows them where he's at and they marvel at his talent. Suddenly he's in contact with people double his age and they discuss things like 'filling a gap in the market' and 'new competition' and 'providing an edge' and at first it's exciting.

But then slowly, Fundy starts to realize what's happening.

Because people are genuinely excited for Fundy's work, there are people confident that his AAC can go past personal use, that this can be turned into a product for a wide range of AAC users. It's- it's something Fundy hadn't even considered until Hbomb had mentioned it but once he had it seemed so obvious, so simple.

Of course Fundy would like to share what he already has, of course Fundy wants to give other people the opportunity to find their voice. But as Fundy navigates the market he becomes increasingly aware that AAC like his is a business, not a community.

Everything about it feels wrong.

Fundy doesn't want to keep doing this.

This- this isn't something he wants to make money off of, he doesn't want to charge people for this. He doesn't- his entire purpose of doing this is to provide access, not restrict it.

"That's a valid concern," his father encourages, when Fundy brings it up, "I remember how hard it was trying to fight our insurance to support your AAC usage."

Fundy frowns, because it's ridiculous. The fact that AAC costs money, the fact that it's something his dad had to argue with insurance about...

Fundy doesn't understand why he couldn't just have his needs met without argument, and at no extra cost.

Full accessibility is complete access, with no barriers. This- these things are barriers. Financials are barriers. And with most disabled people living under the poverty line...

Fundy doesn't want to make money off of his AAC, he just wants to share his voice.

The suggestion he receives is to start a non-profit.

Fundy has just turned eighteen.

He's an adult- but just barely. He still hasn't graduated high school and he doesn't plan his own doctor's appointments. He still defaults to the family calendar and shares his father's credit card. He has a debit card, and a driver's license, but he isn't independent.

But he's an adult.

He's made an AAC, and he's trying to give access to it for everyone.

People are telling him to make a non-profit.

Fundy, frankly, doesn't know what to do.

He's just a guy who fell in love with coding too much.

But he thinks of him as a child, lost without his voice, without his AAC. He thinks of Techno who had access to an AAC at a young age and eventually moved on from it. He thinks of Ranboo who never had the option of one growing up and he thinks of his mother and if she ever got an official diagnosis after all these years.

Fundy thinks, and he thinks of every autistic person, every disabled person, every person in the world and he knows he has something to give those people, to give the world, to give his community, and he says fuck it, I'm in.

And Fundy begins the process to start a non-profit based around the idea of providing AAC and other accessibility devices to all disabled people across the country who have a desire for it.

He doesn't know where it's going to go, or if this'll even succeed. He doesn't even have a name for his non-profit yet.

It's a start.

It's a start, and maybe that's enough.

Fundy doesn't like many things, but when he does like something, he loves it. And he loves computers and programming and figuring out a hard piece of code and problem solving.

People have always been confusing, but computers make sense. Yes and no, on and off, that's something Fundy can handle, understand.

Fundy loves helping people, being there for people, but he's never been very good at it one on one, but maybe he can be good at this way. Maybe he can provide something that people need.

Fundy takes to starting a non,-profit like- well like a Fundy takes to starting a non-profit because there's nothing more smooth, more fluid, than Fundy finding his place with technology and helping people through it.

He helps people like those in his life who have helped him. Like his Uncle Tommy, like Untie Ranboo, like Papa, and like his father.

And like Uncle Techno.

Because it had been Techno who had first suggested AAC use to Fundy. It was Techno who understood Fundy in a way that no one else could.

Techno didn't verbally speak as a child, and Fundy doesn't verbally speak as an adult.

Uncle Tech understood in a way that no else did, that no else could possibly ever get.

In more ways than one, Techno saved Fundy's life. Because without Techno... without Techno Fundy doesn't know if he'd be the person he is today.

Techno didn't make Fundy who he is, but he gave him the tools to craft himself.

Fundy will always be grateful for that, grateful for his entire family and their support.

In addition, he will be grateful and proud of himself, for how far he's come and how hard he's worked to get here.

And all along, Fundy has his trusty AAC device by his side.

A boy and his voice, hand in hand to change the world.

Chapter End Notes

UPDATE: made a major blunder and thought I wrote isn't but wrote is, making it sound like I was insisting that dysphoria was required to be trans. This is Absolutely not the case. You do Not need dysphoria to be trans and the typo has been fixed. Thanks to those who pointed this out.

(Hilariously enough my roommate who went in for top surgery a few weeks after I wrote this had a very uncommon reaction as well- though much more risky and much more rare than Fundy's. He's fine now though. But please note that reactions like that are incredibly uncommon, to soothe anyone who may have medical anxiety hearing about Fundy or my roommate).

All right, that's a wrap. The final encompass spin off is done, and therefore comes the finale of the entire series.

~Cool Community Things to Check Out!~

Encompass Sandbox Project: The official guide to the Encompass Sandbox Project- a project in which users are encouraged to take inspiration from the encompass series and create their own varying works of fiction from writing, to art, and so much more.

encompass: the sandbox: encompass: the sandbox is the official collection for the Encompass Sandbox Project.

encompass: behind the scenes: an insider look at everything that goes on in the encompass series. This series will feature Q&A, projects, plans, and other behind the scenes content.

It's been a bit of a tumultuous time trying to get this final chapter out, so I appreciate y'all for sticking with me. But now on to talk about fun stuff.

This new fic will be the last story of the main encompass series and it is only one chapter long (though quite lengthy).

And as every encompass fic has done so far, it features a notable character within the series.

Thus, I introduce the encompass finally 'don't forget about me, please' featuring the one and only Tubbo.

Tubbo's fic

- is the finale to the series
- wraps up encompass
- reveals unknown secrets
- explores Tubbo's character
- highlights the flaws of the foster system
- gives us some insight into what Schlatt has been up to

I'm so excited for this one, as we finally get to explore the encompass character who's been around since the beginning, but has often got brushed over in favor of other character's storylines.

As always I'll be taking my two week break between fics, so see you in around 10-20 days :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!